THE COMMONWEAL

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TWOFOLD CANADA

HOWEVER used we Americans have grown to the existence of a territory to the north, not much less in extent than the United States and owning loyalties which it cast off 150 years ago, there will always be something paradoxical in the position of Canada considered in relation to the western hemisphere generally. Destiny has ruled that the republic and not the dominion should be the spokesman for American ideology upon the major occasions when the principles that guided our forefathers call for a new assertion in the face of anything that seems to deny or question them. The practical mind often chooses to forget how general and sweeping these principles were, and how consciously they were felt to be a challenge, not only to the government of George III, but to the whole system of political thought and action under which the western continent had been settled. At a later date, when the continent south of the Rio Grande followed the example of the American colonists and cast off the yoke of Spain in its turn, it was upon these general principles, rather than any ground of political expediency that the warning issued to Europe and known as the Monroe Doctrine was based, and took its place as a cardinal principle of "welt-politik."

The paradox resides in the fact that, all this while, a country hardly less imposing in its possibilities for development into a great sister nation, more and more inhabited by men of the same stock and character, was persisting in its refusal to abandon the old allegiance. It was garrisoned by royal troops, administered by royal judges from whose decisions the final appeal, as had once been the case for recalcitrant Massachusetts and Virginia, still lay overseas. And it was silent, or, at any rate, unheard, when the voice of American democracy was raised to question the very principle on which its government rested. Hence behind the correct official relations between Canada and the United States during a century of peaceful intercourse, certain dissensions and irritations continued to lurk. On one side of the border they were fostered by the uneasiness natural in any country whose existence is felt to rest upon sufferance, and whose peace is too obviously dependent upon the forbearance of a powerful neighbor. On the other side was a disinclination, no less natural in a country still in the yeasty period of its independence, to believe that Canada's loyalty to the British Crown was altogether an affair of choice, and that a majority did not exist, quite willing, were the occasion offered, to follow the example of its brother to the south of the St. Lawrence.

No greater tribute to the enlightened common sense of our race exists than the fact that a situation so

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loaded with dangerous possibilities was resolutely lived down, and that, every time a crisis supervened, men made their voice heard in London and Washington, determined that national amour propre should never be permitted to precipitate an internecine war. But the fact that the danger has been removed once and for all beyond the sphere of the conceivable, and that the visit of the heir to the British Crown, with all the reassertions of allegiance of which it becomes a natural occasion, has been the signal during the past weeks for appreciative and laudatory articles in the major press of the entire United States, seems to us an occasion, not so much for praising the political wisdom of the statesmen who knew how to conjure dangers as they arose, as for taking a glance at the initial justice that presided over the beginnings of what was destined to become the great and autonomous Canadian commonwealth. No student of American history fails to perceive today that Canada's safeguard against an absorption for which the world would be the poorer did not reside in the few regiments that Britain could afford to maintain upon her truncated territory, still less upon what the New York Times well terms "the invisible and unguarded border," but in the contentment felt by Canada's inhabitants with the existing form of government and in their assurance that what grievances existed would only have to voice themselves to be eventually removed.

For the thinker who likes to take his stand at the water-sheds of history and speculate upon the ease with which a single and trivial obstacle might have changed the entire course of events, the early history of Canada offers a rich opportunity. Looking backward 160 years, it is interesting to contemplate the opportunities for immediate triumph and eventual disaster that were offered during the years following the death of Montcalm and Wolfe upon the Plains of Abraham. If New England was Britain's upon the dubious title of colonization, Canada was hers by right of conquest. A beaten and disarmed populace, accustomed to look for their disposal to a distant executive, brave but destitute of the instinct for liberty that twenty years later made every tree and stone wall in New England a breastwork and focus of resistance, were given into her hand to work her will upon. These people were of an alien race and held a proscribed faith. Not only did laws against its practice still stand upon the statute books of the conqueror, but it was hated with an even greater virulence among the populations to the south, already restive, and whose disaffection would inevitably be heightened by any display of tolerance, far more of recognition. The attitude of the American colonists toward the new province, on the very eve of their own revolt, is not a pleasant one for any broad-minded American to contemplate in retrospect. It is only by remembering how swiftly it was superseded by the enunciation of shining principles from which the republic has never swerved, that it can be read with resignation today. "Nor can we suppress our astonishment," says the manifesto of the first Congress of 1774 to the British people, "that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country [Canada] a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world."

Intolerance, opportunism and that species of political wisdom unfortunately not extinct today, which disregards the secret loyalties of the heart in making its rectilinear arrangements, all seemed to call for a rigorous policy whose object would have been to obliterate the French Catholic element of Canada. Even observers on the spot, who should have known better, did not hesitate to advise the home government to make an end of the discrepant religion and start the new possession upon a hundred percent basis of evangelicalism. "They are a quiet and submissive people," reported Francis Maseres, the first attorney-general of the province, and himself of French Huguenot descent. "I believe in many places, if a Protestant minister had been put in upon the vacancy of a priest, a very little pains would have brought over many."

Today such things belong to the curiosities of history, whether or not the spirit they exemplify is dead or only lurking under other and subtler forms of intolerance. This much, at least, is true. It has been the destiny of Canada to give testimony to a world in which the extreme conception of nationalism is getting to be recognized as its worst and most immediate danger, that a compromise is possible, all the more effectual in securing loyalty in essential matters because it leaves intact the deeper loyalties which may be regarded as above or below political reasoning, but, in any case, are beyond it, and are not to be touched without a spiritual impoverishment becoming the penalty for uniformity. Often these loyalties may seem irksome to the political mind. They assume all sorts of disguises—ingrained habits of life not always defensible, disinclination or disabilty to keep up with the pace of reform, stubborn resistance in the face of legislation that abridges personal liberties for the good of the community. On the other hand, countries whose constitution suffers a minority to persist, entrenched behind its own faith, language and code of laws, reap certain advantages from their forbearance. Legislation must perforce be more persuasive and less categorical. The mere existence of covenanted minorities, as it were, in broad daylight, is an antidote against other and more secret minorities, that work their will to power in more homogeneous lands under cover of something that it is fatally easy to present as a general mandate. For such boons the occasional need with which a princely delegate may find himself faced, to receive and return an address in the language of Racine or Molière, is a slight forfeit. Canada at least seems to think the trouble is worth while.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

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WEEK BY WEEK

GOVERNOR FULLER'S version of the Sacco-Vanzetti puzzle was as unexpected as it was courageous. He and his advisers were so thoroughly convinced the law had merely been just to two criminals that they could find no good reason for clemency or pardon. One must admire this determination to keep for justice its impregnable firmness amidst so much of seething public opinion. One must remember that the courts need their isolation from popular sentiment, so that they will not veer from excesses of mildness to equal excesses of rigor. And yet every thoughtful citizen necessarily continues to wonder if the two doomed men have not, after all, been the victims of an erroneous decision. The defense committee organized in their behalf has issued a rebuttal of the Governor's statement which, to those who do not know, and never will know, all the evidence submitted in the case, seems to raise a tremendous question. Grant that judicial justice is seldom able to clear up all doubts, and that almost every verdict is only probably right. There is still something more to be said for Sacco and Vanzetti. The men who judged and sentenced them belonged to an entirely different social caste. Governor Fuller, for example, is a man of notable integrity, but his summer home, his wealth and his city residences, his clubs and hotels, all represent to men like Sacco and Vanzetti—to the thousands of working people who believed in their innocence—a world hostile and indifferent, a world which naturally makes utterances like those which accusers have chalked up against Judge Thayer. To all these the question as to whether right has prevailed in this case is a matter of general principle, not of individual lives. Seven years have been used up in letting the thing grow to its present mammoth proportions. Small wonder, then, that people who are quite willing to admit that the state of Massachusetts has been just should be earnestly anxious that it prove its case more fully than it has thus far, if there be no room for mercy.

ABOUT all one can say regarding the naval conference is that the delegates made a good impression when the curtain went down. They announced the readiness of their governments to curtail armaments, gave free rein to their personal feeling that much had been accomplished, and incidentally—oh, quite incidentally—noticed the points about which agreement had been impossible. These last are, of course, practically the entire business that came before the conference. What is it that brought on such a lamentable failure? Or is it, after all, a failure? Well, nobody knew what cards were going to be laid on the table. A generous impulse, an optimistic desire to coöperate in the work of international pacification—these were everything that one could read on the faces of the players as they sat down. Bewilderment followed the show-down. It became apparent that each hand had been carefully selected and dealt out by some one naval command. Mr. Gibson was there to tell the world precisely what he had been told to tell. Mr. Bridgeman had arrived in Geneva for much the same purpose. The game could not proceed because there was no opportunity for a new deal. President Coolidge gives the assurance that such opportunity will be provided soon, under different conditions. We hope he will be proved a true prophet by the event.

THE nation has received Mr. Coolidge's prognostication of his own political future with mingled feelings in which astonishment generally has the upper hand. "I do not choose to run for President in 1928" is a statement not lacking in oracular quality, but most interpreters agree it would not have been issued by its author unless his mind had been made up to retire from the scene. Precisely what precipitated the abrupt utterance is not clear, however, unless one concedes the possibility that Mr. Coolidge has left the door unlocked. He suddenly banged it shut in the face of an expectant nation, but there has been so much rapping on it ever since that sooner or later somebody will try the knob. If the Republican leaders decide that the world's greatest exponent of economy—even in diction—must be drafted to head the party, nothing said so far will interfere with their plans. Perhaps Mr. Coolidge will accept their ultimatum. Perhaps he will not. Lacking any other form of enlightenment at the present moment one can only surmise that the general unwillingness of party organizers to talk

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of any other candidate—Governor Lowden's western supporters having long since been as active as they are ever likely to be—is a sign that Vermont diction does not favor absolute negatives. The third term issue is, moreover, not secure enough to be wholly effective. After all there is a great deal in the fact that our tradition properly applies only to those who have twice been elected to the presidential office.

WHATEVER may happen, everybody must concede that Mr. Coolidge has the public's good will. Unlike his two immediate predecessors he has done nothing which the American people as a whole repudiate emphatically. Under his Presidency, Republican officialdom steered adroitly past several dangerous shoals —the World Court, Latin-American policy and federal corruption. In all three of these no "big stick" was wielded, with the result that opinion hostile to the courses pursued was driven to a very undramatically moderate form of attack. One may bitterly deplore what the United States has done in Nicaragua or at Geneva, but one will have great difficulty suggesting a clear-cut alternative. The agricultural situation is the only important source of party dissension. Following Mr. Coolidge's strategic move westward, however, something triumphant in the way of action may be accomplished by the next Congress, to the great confounding of Lowden thunder. Who knows? Obviously Republicanism would be most ungrateful if it did not respect the enigmas with which the President intersperses his silence; and since in this case gratitude would so amply be its own reward, we may all live to concede that "I do not choose" was the outstanding diplomatic achievement of 1927.

WILLIAMSTOWN has come to take a place in our intellectual life all its own as a clearing-house of thought conducted year by year for the benefit of American observers who are interested in European movements and anxious to be further instructed. When any phrase used by those who have come across the ocean to enlighten them seems obscure or sinister, it would seem to be within their right to ask for a further elucidation. As a case in point, a statement made by Sir Arthur Willert, who is listed as "head of the British Foreign Office news department," in the course of his first public lecture on August 1, clamors for exegesis, and, it is to be hoped, will receive it. Speaking of the need of the country he represents for unrestricted sea transportation, Sir Arthur drew a gloomy picture of what might happen if world markets failed. "There would be no alternative for us," he is reported as stating, "except a slow decline, accompanied perhaps by some very unpleasant form of social readjustment while we got rid of that surplus population of ours"; and the speaker went on to cite the condition of the British unemployed since the war as a warning of what might be in store.

FOR a moment we leave aside the execrable taste of referring to human creatures, each one born into the world with his own natural and supernatural destiny, as "that surplus population of ours." Upon these matters it is unfortunately true that all minds do not see alike. It is more to the point to ask just what is the "readjustment" which, Sir Arthur makes it no secret, is going to be "unpleasant" (for someone) and which will eventually reduce it, just as an overstock of cotton or rubber is reduced? Emigration on a wholesale scale can hardly be referred to, for the autonomous colonies show no signs of taking the overplus of Britain's redundant population into their empty spaces on anything but the most selected scale. Nor can one suppose that the unwanted hands and mouths are to be left exposed to such an action of economic forces as will reduce their numbers by a sheer process of exhaustion to dimensions which may be found more acceptable. Are new repressions—some form of enforced and communal birth-control—obscurely hinted at? To have asked such questions a few years ago would have been to answer them. Unhappily pagan materialism has made such strides in the memory of living men, and the thought of political leaders in more than one land is so loaded with its poison, that the answer to these economic soothsayers today is by no means so easily calculable as respect for human nature would once have made it seem.

WITHOUT yearning for the days when marriage kept a woman busy from morning till night, one may still opine that one reason why so many queens of domesticity lay down their duties nowadays is because there are so few duties. A very up-to-date home, in which there are no children and an ample sprinkling of servants, is about the best available place in which to grow those attractive shrubs called selfishness and ennui. But when, as a result, the place has become uninhabitable and the august courts generously post a notice to that effect, only stupidity will insist that the old financial arrangements go on just the same. Yet this stupidity has been so widely triumphant in these latter times that one rejoices to hear Judge Smathers, of the Atlantic Common Court, declare from his bench: "The theory in law whereby a man supports a childless woman originated when women lacked opportunities of making a living. Now the same sources of revenue are open to women as well as men. A childless woman who leaves her husband and shirks the duties of a married woman cannot expect the court to pension or pay her royalties for the rest of her life." Words like these, if repeated often enough, may enforce the truth that wedding-bells are something more than an overture to alimony.

FIFTY years have passed since the death of Bishop Wilhelm von Ketteler, one of the greatest Catholic churchmen in nineteenth century Germany, and the

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founder of a virile movement of social reform. During those years much has happened, not the least portion of which is the development of proletarian emancipation according to Christian principle; but the work of the Bishop abides, its manifold virtue becoming constantly more apparent. He virtually began his career with that noble address absolving the German common people from responsibility for the murders committed in 1848 which is a classic of oratory and which opposed to the "liberalism" then dominant a new conception of reform "through justice and charity." Interesting himself deeply in the social problems created by the new era, Von Ketteler adopted some of the principles of Lassalle and tried to establish coöperative unions by means of capital supplied by Christian industrialists. Later on, anticipating the Rerum Novarum encyclical, he advocated state intervention to secure such reforms as shorter working hours and the abolition of child labor. This tendency to look to the government for help in establishing justice may be called his most important legacy to later Catholic social leaders. The Center party took it up earnestly, and through this medium it reached the United States and other countries. Today Germany is honoring the memory of a great and good man. There is every reason why we should join, relatively at least, in their grateful reminiscence.

A MONTH which contains the feast of that passionate lover of poverty, Saint Clare, is a timely one to meditate upon the lessons of the life of Miss Henrietta Macy, whose death by drowning occurred very recently in Venice, and of whose strange career a letter to the New York Times of Monday, August 1, appears to give the first intimation that has reached the press. Miss Macy was an artist of talent whose chosen work was the reproduction on a minute scale of some of the monuments of the city by the Adriatic. Either unable or, as one suspects, not greatly caring, to find markets for her work, she accepted extreme poverty, not as a provisional gesture, but by deliberate choice. Like so many unworldly souls whom God's finger has touched, her own destitution was accompanied with a love, strangely personal in this institutional age, for those who shared her lot.

IN A lodging which she leased on top of a deserted convent turned into a poor-house, we are told, she gathered the children of the neighborhood together and set up a school that became on occasion "a refuge for their parents, for men out of work and for women whose husbands were in trouble." How far religion entered into Miss Macy's activities we are not told. Perhaps very little. Nevertheless, in an age where the mere paraphernalia of material means too often hides from the world the inner flame of charity, without which all such things are as "tinkling brass," the memory of this lonely expatriate by the Adriatic who so surprisingly and obscurely realized the life of the saints deserves to be enshrined in something more than a passing marvel that it should take so many "sorts of people to make a world."

MANY a visitor from this side of the Atlantic has gazed with admiration on the magnificent screen in Saint Alban's Abbey not far from London—now a Protestant cathedral, once one of the greatest of the many great Benedictine foundations in England. The screen is one of the finest pieces of perpendicular architecture in that country, though of course it is shorn of its great silver crucifix and the hanging pyx and other jewels and ornaments which went into the gaping pockets of Henry VIII and his parasites. That screen was the work of Abbot William Wallingford, whose reputation, assailed even by so fair a historian as Gardiner, was triumphantly cleared by Cardinal Gasquet. There was an earlier abbot, Richard, also from Wallingford, who wore the mitre from 1326 to 1335 and whose six hundredth centenary has just been celebrated in the city of Saint Alban's by a concourse of scientific men headed by the Astronomer Royal. Richard de Wallingford was commemorated as the author of a number of important works dealing with astronomy, especially the Rectangulus, the manuscript of which, by some marvel, has come down to us intact. At this celebration some of the instruments which he devised—still in good preservation—were shown. It is very gratifying indeed to see men of science discovering that, in spite of Huxley and Company and their allegations against the Church in its relations to science, there have been great Catholic scientists even in the ranks of the much abused clergy. Very recently Roger Bacon, the Franciscan, was discovered and commemorated, and now it is the turn of a Benedictine. Truth, after all, will out—sometimes.

THE London manager and producer, Joseph Sacks, who admitted recently to a referee in bankruptcy that he can neither read nor write, is a theatrical possibility whom we shall only neglect at peril to the best interests of the drama. If in difficulties (the context seems to suggest that such is the case) he should be rescued from them by the joint enterprise of our home-bred impresarios and, after the few weeks necessary to make acquaintance with speak-easies, all-night dance-rooms, and the purlieus best identified by the handy phrase "known to the police," employed in some highly paid advisory capacity. His limitations, which he modestly suggests have not prevented him making $800,000, would, of course, preclude the reading of manuscripts. But they would not, we suppose, prevent his dictating a letter stating that they had been read and adjudged unsuitable to Broadway audiences. The time saved would, of course be employed in listening to other and more likely scenarios, composed by, in and for the box office, and in indicating any point at which their success seemed to be endangered by anything like an appeal to the literate mind.

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THINKING, SAFE AND SOUND

THE return to the middle-ages in philosophy is evident in a thousand instances, of which Dr. Whitehead's "refounding of science on a better metaphysical basis" is one of the best known to contemporary readers. More and more people are coming to see that the thought of the Schools was not merely a mixture of "credulity" with Greek speculation, but verily a priceless revivification of that speculation in the light of new and vital experience. Going back to the one great synthesis effected by Christian Europe is, therefore, about the only satisfactory way of getting in touch with the classical world. Other matters also are involved, however—intellectual necessities, some of which are set forth so pertinently in a paper, The Rôle of Dogma in Philosophy, contributed to the Journal of Philosophy (issue of July 21) by Professor W. H. Sheldon, of Yale University, that something more than a passing reference to them seems expedient.

Professor Sheldon begins by denying the possibility of "purely empirical or unbiased" philosophy. The thinker must be "deep down in his mind a dogmatist," must constantly be looking for something "which he believes at the bottom of his heart he will eventually find." This something—"be it a principle of explanation or a Being Who guarantees human salvation"—is what constitutes the human value of philosophy. Indeed the thinker cannot even be satisfied with a vague general impression of his goal. "He must have some image or concept, however dim, of the thing he is looking for; he could not otherwise find it, or even be sure of its absence. The condition of fruitful search is that we search for something in particular, and that means that we know what we are seeking. Who could find the face in the picture-puzzle unless he had already the idea of the face? Let not the metaphysician be ashamed to confess that he is looking for a personal God, Whose ways explain the character of reality and Whose nature is a warrant for man's hopes. Let him rather find glory in the bias. For if we must look for something, is it not best to look for the best that we can conceive?"

Broadly speaking, this conception can be cast into only one of two molds. Most modern philosophers have preferred the second, the idealistic, which Professor Sheldon terms a "spurious short-cut" because it never gets further than projecting something purely human into a world that is not purely human. Realism is a longer and more arduous road, but it does not anywhere run into a mirage. "Outward we must turn; look at external reality we must; for if there is a Supreme Being, He is greater and better than man, and cannot abide wholly in man." This necessary step cannot be taken, however, by merely proceeding to refute idealism—as the newer realists do—because that would involve getting lost in endless complexities of detail and controversy. "To regain the uncorrupted zeal of the metaphysical quest, we must go back to the spirit of scholasticism, and especially to its consummation, the system of Aquinas. . . . In what way is the Thomistic account to be preferred? In this alone: Saint Thomas avowedly includes the motive of dogma. Dogma is a sine qua non of philosophy."

Our author's analysis of dogma is most interesting. "Science," he declares, "itself is largely dogma," because it starts with beliefs which all accept but which none can prove valid. As for the "outward-looking philosopher," he must accept "three great initial dogmas: external reality, the minds of others, the being of God." These he must accept although he cannot find any "general criterion for them." "The Romanist," says Professor Sheldon, "finds a criterion in the authority handed down by Our Lord to Saint Peter and to Saint Peter's successors in the Papacy. Now this is a rational test, being based on historical evidence; but historical evidence is by no means infallible, whereas the criterion must possess absolute certainty. If any man finds that particular body of historical evidence absolutely certain, he must accept the Romanist criterion." Since there is no likelihood of agreement here, philosophy must pass on, satisfied with assumptions whose rightness is irrefutable in practice.

One may reasonably assert that the "Romanist criterion" is not wholly a matter of historical evidence. Accept as a dogma the existence of God as One "Whose ways explain the character of reality and Whose nature is a warrant for man's hopes," and it becomes extremely difficult to believe that He would refrain from revealing Himself to the darkened intelligences of men. Indeed, in so far as there is any human history at all, it is replete with quests for God and with beautiful moments of mystical consciousness of Him. But if we must have faith in the Divine willingness to grant revelation, if we must also confess that of all the moments of mystical consciousness recorded by history, Christ's alone bears the stamp of absolute perfection and authority, then (quite apart from all problems of ecclesiastical history) we can hardly escape the dogma that God speaks in that which most perfectly incorporates on this earth the wisdom and desire of Christ. That is why, and not because of any chain of purely historical argument, Cardinal Newman concluded: "Either the Catholic Church is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real, in our knowledge of whence we come and whither we go."

Yet even if Professor Sheldon cannot accept this criterion, his article contains so much that is healthful, fine and true that one hopes it will get a much wider reading than a magazine for special students can guarantee. It is necessary to hope that the world will somehow get out of the ugly position of being pummeled about like a ball between over-eager idealists and far too tranquil materialists—to whatever specially designated group they may adhere.

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UNCLE SAM'S DIET

By F. E. FLANNERY

A FEW years ago Uncle Sam looked at himself in the glass and blurted out: "I'm certainly getting to look like a prize mongrel. Something's got to happen soon or I won't know myself at all."

The doctors whom he consulted all said the same thing:

"You've been overeating. You thought you could assimilate anything you laid your hands on. Of course you can't do that any more than anyone else. What you need is quotas. You don't know anything about quotas, but they are delightful when you get used to them. Now the quotas mean that you take just so many English and no more: a few Italians, a sprinkling of Russians, a dash of the other European nations, and of course never under any circumstances any orientals, not even a little Filipino. Keep this up and you'll soon be your own handsome self again."

Now though Uncle Sam has done his best to follow the doctor's orders, he is having a hard time keeping to his diet. The Europeans and the orientals love him apparently much more than he loves them. And even when he has become very stern and passed drastic laws, they slip in anyway. The poor man is distracted. How do these people come in?

The most popular way is for the alien to ship as a seaman and then desert when the ship reaches America. All the world loves a sailor, and Uncle Sam is particularly soft when it comes to the rolling tars. So although he showed his teeth to the rest of the world when he passed the Immigration Act in 1924, he did not retract a bit of the kindness he had shown to the sailors in the Seamen's Act and later in the La Follette Act. Under the first the sailor has the right to come ashore for sixty days. He cannot be detained on the ship. According to the La Follette Act a sailor cannot be prevented from deserting. He may defy the captain right on the dock, and demand half of his pay besides.

Last year 38,000 sailors deserted. The immigration officials declare that many of them were aliens who would not have been admitted under any quota. They accuse the shipping companies of bringing the aliens in and then allowing them to desert. Sometimes the aliens pay a bonus to the captain and he puts them on the crew list. Of course as they are not real seamen, they cannot do any work requiring technical knowledge of a nautical character. One alien admitted that he had paid the steward a full first-class passage for the privilege of posing as a mess-boy. Many are smuggled in by the "submarine" way—that is, given work that will keep them out of sight of the passengers. They pay from $10.00 all the way up to $1,000 to get to this country.

Mr. Havelock Wilson, president of the British Seaman's Union, declares:

> Personally I know of a man in Genoa who is making hundreds of pounds in the course of a month by smuggling camouflaged seamen across the Atlantic. . . . He gets hold of men who are really emigrants, and puts them on small coasting vessels for about a month or six weeks, then they get a seaman's discharge as deckhands, cooks or stewards. His next step, then, is to find the Atlantic liner that may want men and get them shipped as part of the crew, and he receives in such cases, whether he is successful or not, as much as 150 pounds. I know, also, that a good many men have slipped across on British ships under much the same conditions.

Even ships operated by the United States Shipping Board have been accused of refusing to hire American seamen stranded in Europe and of filling up their crew with these profitable foreigners. At one time there were 6,000 American seamen in Hamburg trying to ship on American boats. Though it was in the fall when the ships needed a heavy crew because of the tourist trade, the American ships would not hire them. They preferred to fill up their crew with aliens who paid their way over. Finally these Americans were sent home by the American consul. Another American ship sailing from Portland, Oregon, to the orient and back had its American crew sign for the voyage out. When they reached the Philippines they discharged the crew and loaded up with Chinamen. The Americans were left to shift for themselves.

Although it is against the law to employ aliens in coastwise vessels, these ships are also accused of employing foreigners to the exclusion of Americans. In Savannah the superintendent of a seamen's home made a practice of boarding every German vessel and inducing the Germans to desert and enter the coastwise shipping. Every spring many sailors desert from the British ships and join the lake carriers, although it is illegal for these steamers to employ them.

If the jolly sailors are giving Uncle Sam acute indigestion, the silent orientals are not making him feel much better. He has absolutely excluded the Chinese from his official diet since 1891, when the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed. Yet there are more Chinese than ever in the United States and, most remarkable of all, they are younger than they were thirty years ago. In New York City, which is a long way from Pekin, there were 5,000 deportable Chinamen last year. What tricks do these masters of mystery use?

In the first place, as Mr. Furuseth, president of the Seamen's Union, said:

> The white man who can tell a young Chinaman from an old Chinaman is a hurricane. . . . When those ves-

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sels employed in the Chinese service leave China, they are manned by young Chinese, but when they leave San Francisco, returning to China, they are manned by old Chinese. The young men stay in this country. . . . When the vessel is at sea one Chinaman looks like any other Chinaman to an officer of the ship, if he doesn't want the Chinaman to look otherwise.

Dishonest ship officers are responsible for much of the smuggling of Chinese. Part of their system was revealed during an investigation into the dope traffic in Seattle. This letter was written to one of the pursers:

I went up your office this afternoon for applying the job of interpreter. I beg to say that I will hand over of $1,000 for the job if you can fix up for me. I will come to see you immediately when your ship return from Manila and I hope you will combine with the chief steward, and also I will do him good when the job succeeds.

Yours truly,

Lo Wing Po.

The master of a big passenger liner received a similar communication from another Chinese:

Hope that you open to any proposition within reason and not entailing too much risk that will benefit you financially. . . . Representing the largest Chinese business club of Hongkong, I would bid for the position of number one man in the steward's department. The sum to be paid you on our arrival in Hongkong in case you accept this bid will be $500 in gold. An arrangement will be made with the chief steward separately. . . . Beside the initial payment there will be more money at the other end of the voyage. Perhaps this may not be feasible to make a change this trip, and I hope you will consider this enough to keep me in mind for the next trip as number one man. These trips can be very profitable to you if you are far-sighted.

According to a prisoner arrested on narcotic charges in Seattle, the Chinaman known as number one is usually paid by the dope ring to secrete the narcotics aboard ship at Hongkong and guard the stuff safely till it reaches Seattle.

Sometimes the captain, if he is cornered, reports the Chinamen as stowaways. When the Abraham Lincoln was boarded by the immigration people the captain declared that the eight Chinamen aboard had first been discovered at Gibraltar, and the English authorities would not let them land. The vessel went to St. Michaels, in the Azores, where again the officials would not let them land. Consequently he brought them to the United States and announced them as stowaways. The Chinese declared that they had paid him $5,000 each, and far from being stowaways they had been employed by the captain as waiters and cooks.

An American consul assigned to duty on Ellis Island uncovered a nest of schemes used by the immigrants to gain unlawful entry into the country. In six weeks he caught 187 families of from two to six persons each, all with forged American consular visas. None of them claimed that they had been imposed upon on the other side. Indeed one of them, a German, displayed true Teutonic efficiency. As soon as the consul told him he had a false visa, he turned to his companions who had come over on the boat with him and said good-by. He declared that he wished to be heard at once for he desired to go back to Europe on the same nice boat that had brought him over.

All of these aliens in crossing Europe from their homes had transit visas for going through various countries en route to the United States. These visas, Belgian, Italian, or what not, were always valid. Only the American visa was forged. The consul discovered that consular signatures had been affixed by rubber stamps, although the use of them is forbidden to consular officers. Again, the stamps affixed were not exact duplications of our government stamps. The printing was defective and the color was nearly always off.

Among other things I picked up forged seamen's identification cards. There were reservists who had gone to their native country's colors [it was alleged] from this country, to Italy, and had been repatriated to this country. . . . I found that some of them had never been in this country. As a matter of fact, they had gone to the colors from Brazil.

This consul also found Russian Jews who had been given passports in Poland and Roumania although they had been in each country only six weeks. Of course they were citizens of Russia, but as the Russian quota was full, they could not have been admitted as Russians. The Polish and Roumanian passports were in reality deportations, for they read "without return"; "good for the trip to go." Some of the foreign nations are using up their quotas to get rid of people they don't want.

Sometimes the passport itself bore a good visa, but when the corners of the picture were turned up it was discovered that another picture had been on it before. Other passports had the valid United States visa on the back covers—and these had been sewed on or glued to the passport back. Detached here by the last alien who had used the visa, they had been mailed to Europe for the next user.

This consul further declared:

In one or more European countries, particularly one with quite a large quota . . . vital statistics are changed, so that a man not born in the country can get a birth certificate showing that he was born there. One of the South American countries is also doing this.

Even clerks in the consular service try their hand at the smuggling game. One of them at Guadeloupe was caught advising emigrants to ship to some small island where there was no consul and then come here. Another one, rather dazzled by his own importance, even

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bearded the consul on Ellis Island on behalf of the holders of forged visas. He flourished letters of praise of himself from the consular service at Warsaw and at Washington and seemed to imply that the consul would close his eyes if he were a wise little boy.

There is a class of illegal entrants that puts the users of all these methods to shame. Instead of working their way over in menial positions, or going through the inconvenience of being stowaways, or encouraging dishonesty by paying for false visas, they simply stroll in as visitors. Once in, they have no intention of returning. And what is more, they don't. And what is still more—we can't make them.

Besides all these indigestible substances, Uncle Sam has a bitter pill of his own making that he has to swallow. Since the days when Monroe got out his spy-glass and discovered that Europe was only a few thousand miles away and seemed to show signs of coming nearer, Uncle Sam has taken a highly special attitude to the two Americas. He has said, in effect: "I'll protect you. I'd like to see any of those fellows across the sea come near you."

Now though he has never been able to make these little fellows properly appreciative of his magnanimity, he could hardly put them on the same basis as the foreigners when he accepted his famous quotas from his advisers. True, some of his doctors warned him that he could stand only so many of them. But what could he do? He could not eat his cake and have it. He could not say, "We western people must stick together," and then add in the same breath, "I'm crazy about all of you good people in South America but I'll have to put you on a lower quota than England or Germany." No, Uncle Sam could not do that, and he didn't.

Hence, while his immigration law excludes foreign laborers, hordes of others are galloping up from the southern republics. What is he going to do about this and the other things that are disturbing him so much? He has not tackled this problem of the invasion of his orchards by his too friendly neighbors, for the poor man did not realize until just the other day that people are not necessarily the most desirable in the world because they live next door to you.

But why doesn't he do something about the hordes of illegal aliens? For one thing, why doesn't he grab them and deport them?

"Yes, doctor, and who pays the bill?"

"Thank you, not I," say the steamship companies.

"Not I," echoes the alien, "for I am a poor man."

"Certainly not I," says the country from which they have come, "for I surely did not tell you to make your fantastic immigration law."

"It costs $165 to send one Chinaman back to China," mumbles Uncle Sam. "How did I get into this thing anyway? And how am I going to get out?"

A TRAPPIST IN THE TRENCHES

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

"WAR," says Raymond Recouly, the well-known French military writer, in his preface to La Bataille de Foch, "is a terrifying and absorbing drama, because it is, first and last, a human drama. The faculties it releases, among generals and obscure soldiers alike, are the finest and greatest known to men: intelligence, will-power, devotion to an ideal, the sacrifice of life freely accepted."

The words were written seven years ago, before the fervor of deliverance had abated. There is no doubt that today even among many who are far from pacifists, they would be regarded as no better than half-truths. War, there is only too much sad evidence on the point, releases much that is bad as well as a great deal that is good. It can put tyranny and stupidity, as well as intelligence, in high places where authority and the need to maintain discipline is a handy cloak for ill deeds. By the very nature of its demands, it can discover flaws in character that might have passed unnoticed through a normal lifetime, and leave the most terrible record of death and havoc behind as their monument. Devotion and self-sacrifice are splendid things. But to apply them generally to a war where hundreds of thousands of men went to their death with bitter protest at their heart, and under banners that were alien to their racial loyalties, is an abuse of panegyric.

To grant all these things does not take off one whit from the love and reverence with which the world has agreed to regard the soldier who lays down his life upon the field of honor. War is a terrible thing. But it is at the same time a very unworldly thing. The values that the world has decided shall earn its rewards, shrewdness, enlightened selfishness, coldness of heart to the enthusiasms that invite personal disaster, cannot survive long contact with the zone where the air is dark and chill with the menace of annihilation, and where shell and bullet do not play favorites. Like any other faculty for which a man has no present use, they tend to shrivel and fall away, temporarily at least, into some recess of that complicated affair, the human heart.

What takes their place? There are many opinions upon the subject, and all the narrators who have given us the fruit of their observations have not supplied us with a satisfactory answer. Sheer stoicism, the majority seem to think. A merciful anaesthesia descends upon human faculties when they are tried to the limit

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of endurance and its outward manifestation is fatalism. One of the surprises of the great war was its revelation of an intrepidity transcending animal courage that rose from the hearts of very ordinary men to meet conditions in themselves inhuman. But that this intrepidity was rooted in any supernatural contempt for death as the gate of life eternal few dare to affirm. One of the keenest observers of American soldiers in action, Mr. Hervey Allen, author of Toward the Flame, goes so far as to suggest that the result of daily and hourly familiarity with death was to throw the balance heavily toward the material solace, to sharpen sheer physical joy in life lived for the moment, and to reinforce the paganism latent in the average sensual man. The sight of human creatures returning to earth under the eyes of their comrades, thinks Mr. Allen, was not favorable to any doctrine of life beyond the grave.

To the testimony of so many doubters and cynics the Christian believer is in his right when he opposes other testimony, of which, happily, there is no lack. This can bear abundant evidence to the fact that for the soul instructed in its spiritual duties, war may be conceived as a positive school for saints, an ordeal that, in a few fiery weeks or months, can purge away the dross of worldly living and usher the soul of the war victim into the presence of his Maker, as literally re-baptized in his own blood as any martyr of old.

The life of Lieutenant Michael Carlier,* translated through the piety of a "priest of New Melleray Abbey, Peosta, Iowa," is a very personal and poignant document. On a previous occasion, The Commonweal has expressed its opinion of the continental policy that, for the sake of putting a few thousand more men into line, did not respect altar or cloister in its requisitions for human material. But while blaming the spirit that presided over the wholesale conscription, two things should be remembered. The first is that an opportunity to serve their country and, if need be, die for it was far from unwelcome to the noble souls who were not less Frenchmen because they were ecclesiastics. We should be chary of strictures which these men, living or dead, might be the first to resent. The second is that, through God's providence, a practice which most certainly did not derive from a desire to provide spiritual comfort for the soldier did, in the event, help to secure it for him. How much consolation reached the man in the trenches from the comrade, the "copain" from vicarage or monastery, who slept, marched, fought and generally died at his side, will only be known when the secrets of all hearts are revealed. It is because the life of Lieutenant Carlier, the diaries he kept, the letters he wrote to relatives and superiors in religion, drew aside a corner of this veil, that it becomes for us so interesting and inspiring a revelation.

He was born at Valenciennes in 1891, the eldest of eight children, and the descendant of a family in which service to the state and community was an old tradition. He seems to have been a frank and lively boy, with a robust frame and a temper naturally violent, indisposed to study, fond of the open air and passionately devoted to hunting. His vocation was one of those happy affairs that come early and as it were from an instinct of the vanity of worldly things. At sixteen his mind was made up to enter La Trappe. The period of military service which he had to spend in barracks in common with all young Frenchmen of his age was little less than torture. "Throughout the day," he writes, "we hear nothing spoken but the language of hell." But the ordeal was accepted with perfect acquiescence and cheerfulness. In a letter later to a brother about to undergo the same test, he sums up some of the lessons it taught him:

> Now behold the portrait of the ideal soldier . . . he will be a man (a) never unemployed; (b) working unostentatiously; (c) slightly rugged; (d) ever ready to render a service; (e) eager to get instruction from all; (f) helping everybody.

The deeper lessons that reached him during this interruption to his vocation can only be guessed reverently from passages in a day-book kept by him when his wish was realized and he was Brother Maxime Mary of the Trappist monastery of Saint Joseph. One at least seems to have been a prophetic conviction that for him the way of perfection was not to lie along the path of sweet austerity he had chosen, and that his ultimate trials were to be those which the world, and not God, fashions for God's elect. His superiors noted "a passionate love for daily martyrdom." He himself wrote:

> I feel the happiness of suffering in body and soul. What an ideal blessing it would be if I could be always and ever humbled, always suffering! If I could say to Jesus at every moment: Lord, as You see, I am giving You all. I have no more to offer You.

The call to arms reached Saint Joseph's monastery on August 2, 1914, and Carlier was the first of the brethren to leave "under a torrential downpour and in the midst of a roaring tempest." Shyness and the shock of separation, we are told, prevented him from asking his abbot for some parting instructions whereby he might remain under his religious obedience. Instead:

> One word only I heard from him. "Be a good soldier. . . . Never forget that sanctity consists in the entire accomplishment of the will of God in one's regard at every moment. Life in the cloister and on the battlefield are each adequate to make a saint."

Personal memoirs of the war have grown monotonous through sheer repetition. Among those which

**Life of Lieutenant Carlier, Translated from the Original French by a Priest of New Melleray Abbey, Peosta, Iowa. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.75.*

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Lieutenant Carlier has left in his voluminous letters it is only possible to select one or two passages because they give some idea of his peculiar position as both monk and soldier. His courage was notorious. Quite enough evidence of this lies in the fact that even before his promotion to commissioned rank he was chosen continually as the leader for patrols and reconnaisances. His love for and yearning over the "big children" whom he was leading he notes again and again, reproaching himself for it as for a human weakness. Yet on occasion he could invest his authority in all necessary sternness. One of his speeches to his men has been preserved:

> Tomorrow we shall storm the enemy's entrenchments. I am your leader and consequently am responsible for each one of you. . . . Keep your eyes fixed on me and on your officers. . . . I have the right to expect of you an implicit obedience. Let no one lag behind when the section goes forward. . . . Let no one presume to give way under the barrage fire. As you are aware, I love you dearly. . . . But towards one whom I saw behaving as a coward I should have no hesitation in acting with the utmost severity.

One of his great sorrows was that, not being ordained, he could not hear the confessions of the men who crept to his side to lay down the burden of sin, even begging him, when he had disabused their minds, to take their confession and repeat it later to a priest. In relating how he sometimes favored the pious fraud, he pleads:

> It was not deception. Could the good Jesus look with displeasure on this proceeding? Could He not deal mercifully with these poor fellows who knew Him but little, though in their hearts they loved Him much? . . . At night, under the pretext of surveillance, I went and installed myself beside the sentinel who, almost invariably, proceeded to speak about God. We would talk in a low voice for a considerable time; this served as a spiritual tonic for both of us.

The humility that inheres in this last artless little phrase colors all Carlier's record of his service. On seeing the corpses of some Germans who had been shot down under the very barb-wire: "I asked myself if I was sufficiently courageous to do what they had done." His humanity was just as marked. From the German trenches during a patrol he tells of hearing "a feeble little cough like that of a child. I thought of throwing some grenades, but I felt pity as I remembered the cloister." On another occasion "I saw a poor German driving nails, but I did not fire [Carlier's unerring aim was a tradition in his regiment]. The chaplain took me to task for it, but he did not convince me." He sometimes wonders naïvely at the effect upon his comrades of his daily and hourly apostolate. At Christmas, 1916, he says:

> Here and there in the faint glimmer from the fires a group was singing some old Christmas carol. I could not recover from my wonderment at the change that had come over the mental attitude of the men. These were for me undoubtedly the happiest moments of my whole life as a soldier.

On September 14, 1917, a shell that killed him instantly brought the release from endless mental conflict that was the unavowed wish of his heart. He had written shortly before:

> I shall run to death with a veritable joy, knowing that at length I am going to the good God. A long time I have been seeking Him and yet I feel so far from Him.

In a book entitled Catholic Soldiers, edited by Father Charles Plater, of the Society of Jesus, soon after the war and giving the experiences of over sixty army chaplains, the question of the effect of war upon the soldier's morals and spiritual life has already been studied scientifically and exhaustively. This article is not written to reinforce the conclusions reached by its editor nor further to rebut the statements referred to earlier as to the fatalism, paganism, etc., said to descend upon the soldier at the fighting front. But before the terrible memory fades from consciousness, and in a day when the "hardness"—even the "crucifixion"—of religion is being given so vivid an exposition at the hands of some who are ostensibly children of the Church, it will do us no harm to remember that the same faith whose practices we find so irksome amid prosperity and secure living was taken by the hero and martyr into places where human comfort had become mockery, and that it never failed to serve him well. The thought may not make us more fervent. But it will have done no harm if it makes us a little ashamed.

Ave, Maria!

Pia virgo, nos amasti,
Talem fratrem tu donasti
Mundo, quem sic obumbrasti
Plena gratia.

Sis, virtute exemplari
Hac in vita saeculari,
Nobis mater tutelari
Tua gratia!

Filiis intemerata
Mater sis, O quam amata,
Cara semper advocata
Prompta gratia!

Coelitus sis matutina
Stella, lux et vespertina,
Quando tonat vox divina,
Clara gratia!

Mortis tempore solamen,
Nobis hodie hortamen,
Preces audi nostras! Amen!
Plena gratia!

HENRY J. HECK.

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PAZALU'K

By G. K. GRIFFITH

"EVERY woman, Allah knows, wants to be married. Beyim Effendim, is it not so? For what is a woman without a husband? A dried pod, no less. The life of the woman is in her husband. Inshallah! Women have no souls, that is understood. How then shall she have life except she marry that which has a soul? Beyim Effendim, is it not so?"

My friend Hassan, doubling forward, poked a dirt-grained finger under the rag strip which bound his right foot, to ease its tension or to scratch thereunder, I know not which. His mind, however, was not upon this humane act, for his brown creased face stubbled with beard remained upturned toward me, and his small black eyes deep with thought were fixed on my face. He is a philosopher, Hassan, and he recognizes in me the stuff of which disciples are made.

We sat at a round table in the little coffee-shop on the scala at Pasha Bagché, inhaling our sweet thick cafvé from miniature cups, about the size of the round end of an egg and quite as innocent of any handle. Beneath us flowed the fiery blue waters of the Bospore; overhead was the molten blue of a hot and cloudless sky. The purple festoons of wisteria on the yellow wall behind us were limp with sun. On the planks of the landing, awaiting the next boat with its probable bakshish of broken semits and crumbs of goats' milk cheese, lay a saffron-colored street-dog, melted out like a pool. All about us, as far as the eye could reach, hung the flaccid air in shimmering curtains of golden heat. We sat in the only patch of shade. It was ideal for philosophizing.

"Beyim Effendim, I am a practical man. Thirty years I am rowing a caique for hire. It is a good business—Mashallah—!" He spat to the right over his little finger to avert the Evil Eye from his rash boast—"especially in the season of tourists who do not know enough to make pazalu'k, a bargain, and who give bakshish like water. All tourists are fools, for will a wise man part with money without necessity?"

Obviously not.

Hassan drew in a deep breath across his cup's brim; the cafvé passed his lips less as a liquid than as an aroma.

"But it is a hard business, Beyim Effendim, and my limbs are no longer the limbs of a young man, nor is my back that of a donkey. When the limbs fail, the brain must bestir itself, is it not so?"

"Tchoju'k," I called, "more coffee!"

The boy lounged up to our table, took away the cups a quarter full of the black sediment that must be wasted, brought new cups smoking full of fresh coffee. Hassan received the potion absently. His mind was upon deeper matters.

"Effendim, I have a wife. She is a good woman. She has borne me seven sons, all of whom, Allah grant them rahmet, are dead. But by the revelation of the prophet, a good Moslem may have four wives, is it not so? Therefore, say I, let me take to myself another wife. But what shall I consider in this woman? Shall I consider youth? Effendim, let me be practical. I am no longer young. A young wife is a thorn in the side of an old man."

Hassan removed his battered fez from his head and mopped his dewy forehead with a sleeve. I saw that, indeed, his hair was grizzled and thin. Forty-five years, perhaps, had Hassan: an old man. Forty-five years; his back was bent, his fingers were gnarled, his teeth were but stumps between hollows.

"Effendim, shall I consider beauty? Let me be a philosopher. No longer must our women wear the veil down before their faces. Allah! Shall I take a wife whom all the young men will follow to my door?

"No, Effendim. But let me marry a wife who shall bring me that of which I have need—money. And would one who had money and also youth and beauty condescend to me, an old and ugly and poor man? No, Effendim."

Hassan lighted one of my cigarettes. He loosened the sash that, yard upon yard, was wound about his waist.

"No, Effendim, let me choose one to whom matrimony in itself will be a boon. A woman, old, ugly, but rich. She will gain a husband, I will gain wealth. It is pazalu'k—a bargain."

He straightened back and looked at me questioningly. I nodded. A bargain—excellent.

"Have you settled on the lady?"

"Yes, Effendim."

I raised my brows, inviting the confidence.

"It is that one whom I row every day upon the Bospore in her private caique. A grand caique, Effendim, new and shining with varnish, with a red carpet on the floor and red cushions on the seats and a little flag flying from the stern. Also an awning of great merit. It is true she is a Giaour, a Christian, but how should this matter? I am broad-minded. Shall I let religion, an affair of which none but the hojas in the mosques know anything, stand in the way of so admirable a union?"

I was disturbed by doubts. "Are you sure, Hassan, that she will have you?"

He nodded gravely. "She likes me. Every day when I row her in the caique, she talks to me. She asks me a thousand questions. Especially yesterday she asked me if I have all my four wives."

A wise smile wrinkled his leathery old face. "Effendim, what more will you have? She desires me. She is old, ugly and rich. I am, it is true, old and poor, but—Erken benim: I am a man!" He rose and stretched. He settled his faded fez on his head.

"Behold! It is the hour at which I am rowing Beecher Hanum. Even now she awaits me. Today,

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this very hour, I tell her of my willingness that we shall marry. Tomorrow we sign the paper. I am then a rich man, and she, Effendim Beyim, has a husband! It is pazalu'k!"

Beecher Hanum! Lingering in the excellent patch of shade, I watched Hassan roll away with his peculiar shambling gait, an expectant bridegroom but unhurried in his quest. And I lighted a cigarette, pondering, not without delight, upon the probable sensations of my friend Miss Elizabeth Disdale Beecher, Ph.D., LL.D., professor of ethnology in a world-famous university, when she should receive this proposal. Hassan, vanishing around the corner of the scala ticket-office, suddenly seemed heroic size, the eternal Adam. Rich, even learned and famous she may be, but—"I am a man; it is pazalu'k!"

COMMUNICATIONS

ANSWERING THE KLAN

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Mr. H. W. Evans, who has done so much to raise the Klan and direct its thought into its present channel, has a very revealing article in the July issue of Current History.

It is revealing in clearing perfectly the plane on which that thought must be met. A great many of us do not think it ought to be met at all. My own opinion is that such a frame of mind indicates the same average intellectual development as that of the Klan itself. I believe that as long as Mr. Evans is willing to place his views before the public they should be met publicly, patiently, courteously and thoroughly. He has struck a note which is sympathetic to a great many people in this country, while Mr. Marshall's (whom he is supporting) was far beyond the knowledge and understanding of most of his readers.

Rightly or wrongly, we began this present phase of discussion by inviting all and sundry to bring forward their reasons for disagreement with, or dislike of, the Catholic Church. We have got what we asked for. Resentment is quite out of place.

In connection with this current discussion of Church and state, I recommend to your readers an article in the July issue of the Atlantic Monthly by the Reverend Justin Wroe Nixon, minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church of Rochester, entitled: Before Catholics Yield: Questions for Protestants.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THE APPEAL OF THE CHURCH OF ROME

Flagstaff, Ariz.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal served its readers well by giving place to the Reverend Percy T. Fenn's paper, The Appeal of the Church of Rome. It lets us see ourselves as some others see us, and lets us see some others as they can hardly see themselves.

Dr. Fenn drew a familiar picture of the Catholic Church, but in doing so he unwittingly outlined a bold sketch of himself and of a great class of which he is a type. The Church he describes is manifestly divine; human institutions approaching the ripe old age of twenty centuries do not produce the effects he so greatly admires. His eye sees the Lily of the King, but his heart rejects the vision because he cannot abide a foreign tongue, a foreign father, a celibate priest and a child lisping its sorrow at a mother's knee. Unlike Thomas he sees and does not believe.

It should give pause were he to reflect that the service on Calvary was not conducted in the English language; that Our Lord, Who has universal jurisdiction, was not an American by birth; that He, the great High-Priest, was a celibate, and that, if those who sin are obliged to confess, the priest in turn is obliged to listen, and I fancy that listening to confessions is quite as nerve-racking as making them.

As these practices were ordained of God through His Church, the difficulty obviously reduces itself to a question of whom, after all, to trust—oneself or Christ.

M. J. RIORDAN.

THE BOLLANDISTS AND PRINCETON

Pointe Au Pic, P. Q.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of July 20, on page 269, I find: "Incidentally, one hears that United States charity is also coming to the assistance of the Bollandists."

More than ten years ago, in fact during the war, from 1914 on and for some years after the war, the Bollandists were not merely assisted; the entire support of the Bollandists was undertaken by Princeton University.

Furthermore, when I asked the professor of history what had induced the university to assume this care, the answer was that the Bollandists are the greatest historians of the middle-ages and their work is of such immense value from the historian's point of view that to have discontinued it would have been a calamity intellectually.

Do you agree with me that this act of distinguished munificence and rare breadth of mind should be better known and appreciated by Catholics?

HENRY B. BINSSE.

CONGRESSIONAL CHAPLAINS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In the issue of August 10, on page 330, referring to the New York Sun and its series concerning the government of the United States, The Commonweal says, upon the matter of "congressional chaplains," that the Sun "while technically right so far as Congress is concerned" might have discovered that the office of chaplain to the Senate was once held by a Catholic priest.

One would not mention this matter, but for your assertion that the Sun is "technically right." The fact is that Congress is composed of two houses—one, the Senate, the other, the House of Representatives. To talk about being "technically right" is provoking in the face of such usage as referring to the House of Representatives as Congress. It is but a part of Congress.

JOHN G. COYLE, M.D.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Ridge, Md.

TO the Editor:—Arnold Whitridge's article, Charles Eliot Norton, in the August 3 issue of The Commonweal, was truly a "balm in Gilead" after the shallow insincerity of the usual contributions in even the better periodicals.

It requires much courage to acknowledge our debt to such men as Norton. It is easier to Menckenize. As a friend said recently in justifying her knee-cap skirts, "It's not that I approve of them, but they make one so much less conspicuous!"

CONSTANCE DANIEL.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Allez-Oop

NOTHING is quite so sad as an intimate review that ought to be better. Last year, you may recall, Richard Herndon's Americana was, with the exception of one or two doubtful scenes, one of the brightest and most original reviews presented on Broadway. The settings by John Held, Jr., were quite as satirical and delightful as the sketches and musical numbers themselves—and the name of J. P. McEvoy, author of the sketches, stood forth as a bright light of searing wit. So it was that the announcement of Carl Hemmer's Allez-Oop brought high expectations, for McEvoy was to write the sketches, and that inimitable comedian, Charles Butterworth, was to officiate; Philip Charig and Richard Myers were to compose the music, and various other elements of Americana were to be counted present. But—Allez-Oop is many steps below Americana. It frequently commits the inexcusable fault of being dull.

The music is the best part of the show. But good music needs good singers to give it a promising introduction, and neither of the singing principals, Joan Karr nor Cliff O'Rourke, has the verve or manner or voice to lend enchantment to melodies. In the general press comments the dancing numbers have been largely praised, just why, I do not know. They are decidedly ragged, although designed to have considerable mechanical precision, and they lack the flowing charm which sometimes makes up for informality. Moreover, the costuming is often excessively bad. It is the kind that impresses you as being fussy and mussy. Only in a few scenes does it achieve any genuine interest or beauty.

Of course Victor Moore is personally amusing in all the scenes allotted to him. He is a capable comedian in the path of understatement. Esther Howard is also a youngish veteran with the power to command her audience, and one of the Fairbanks twins—Madeleine—exerts almost as much charm alone as she did in former days when appearing with her sister. But there is only one outstanding figure in the show, one person whose unfailing artistry deserves an honest eulogy, and that is the sad-faced, undertoned and wholly unique Charles Butterworth.

Butterworth is to the speaking stage what Chaplin is to the screen—the representative of meek humanity trying to get a hearing. Will anyone ever forget, in Americana, his address to a rotary club dinner—the hopeless echoing of patented and windy phrases, the desperate and unsuccessful effort to think on his feet, the insatiable desire to remain on his feet whatever the cost? His court-room defense of a murderer in Allez-Oop is much in the same vein. With that pathetic sincerity he points to his client and asks the jury "to be kind to this murderer"! Butterworth is a comedy genius—and this show gives far too little place to his efforts.

The McEvoy sketches are, for the most part, a disappointment. Their satire is a little too obvious—although that point is quite excusable in this kind of review. The main trouble with them is that they get off to a good start and somehow fade into nothing at all. They lack the quick last turn which would give them firmness and bite. Sketches of this kind demand the closing technique of O. Henry or Leonard Merrick. The present flatness of their endings leaves one with the uncomfortable impression that the author may be a victim of the very platitudes he sets out to satirize. He never quite rises above his material. Allez-Oop is occasionally vulgar, never very stimulating, occasionally pleasing and always burdened with mediocrity.

The Approaching Season

INSTEAD of the usual plethora of productions scheduled for early fall, the 1927-8 season is getting off to a very slow start. That may prove to be a healthy sign. We have suffered acutely in recent years from the efforts of managers to try out middling shows while the theatre rents were still low. It is possible that the many failures of last year may have injected caution into managerial minds and provoked a more careful appraisal of play values. Aside from musical shows, the most interesting prospects for August are a new comedy by that master of dialogue, Vincent Lawrence, called Among the Married, and a first play by Merril Rogers, hitherto known only as a capable writer in other fields.

September promises rather better fare. An Arthur Hopkins-Lawrence Weber production, Burlesque, and Four Walls, by Dana Burnet and George Abbott, have aroused interest in their road tryouts. The dramatization of Pickwick will bring a new sort of interest in costume comedy. Edward Knoblock (in collaboration with George Rosener) will be heard from again, after a long silence, in a melodrama called Speakeasy. Walter Hampden will inaugurate his season with a revival of Ibsen's An Enemy of the People. Perhaps from the point of view of acting, Margaret Anglin's first New York appearance for some time in a new play is the most distinguished offering. The play itself, Gypsy April, by Lois Compton Fuller, is reported by the Stamford critic as having a "richness of flavor, an honesty in types, a simplicity and naturalness that comes as a refreshing change." In it, as a challenge to the "age-complex" of some noted actresses, Miss Anglin plays the role of a grandmother of fifty-one years.

September will also see the re-opening of the Winthrop Ames Gilbert and Sullivan troupe, this time with The Mikado. This much-revived operetta will, perhaps, demonstrate more clearly than any other the supreme power of Mr. Ames to bring novel freshness to what has become almost a routine and standardized formula. In October, the official opening of the season will come with the first production of the Theatre Guild —a dramatization of Dubose Heyward's novel, Porgy. A new play by George Kelly will also grace the October boards. It is called Till the Day of Her Death. Toward the end of the month Helen Hayes will make her first appearance since her triumph in What Every Woman Knows. The play selected for her is Coquette, by the indefatigable George Abbott and Ann Preston Bridgers. Winthrop Ames also announces a production of John Galsworthy's Escape, with Leslie Howard in the leading role. Beyond these high spots, there is always that intriguing possibility, which makes theatre-going an ever recurrent adventure, that an unheralded play will emit the spark of genius.

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POEMS

Clipper Ships

Ships are the nearest things to dreams that hands have
ever made,
For somewhere deep in their oaken hearts the soul of a
song is laid;
A soul that sings with the ship along through plunging
hills of blue,
And fills her canvas cups of white with winds that drive
her through.
For how could a nail and a piece of wood, tied with a canvas
thread,
Become a nymph on moon-washed paths if the soul of the
ship were fled?

Her bosom throbs as her lover's arms clasp her in fond embrace,
And the joyous kiss of briny lips is fresh on her maiden face.
No storm can smother the hempen song that wells in her
laughing throat—
Small wonder then that men go mad for the love of the sea
and a boat.
For the singing sheet is a siren that tugs at the hearts of
men,
And down to the sea they must go once more, though they
never come back again.

ROBERT N. ROSE.

Condemned

The evening star comes out, the pale young moon;
The twilight's scented with the rose's breath.
"Why do they stir thy fears, my heart?" "Ah soon
These will be lost in death.

"The star will shine again for other men.
The moon will rise. But ere another dawn
I may be gone, nor ever see again
Rose petals on the lawn.

"This fragile flower may fill its cup with dew
And greet the morning; but I cannot say—
I in whose soul this loveliness streams through—
If I shall live till day.

"Each grass blade now be etched upon my brain;
Perchance I look my last upon the sky.
I only know I taste the yearning pain
Of one condemned to die."

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Return

Out through the dim, still curtains of the crystal willows
A late bird slowly cut the splashing skies,
Silently dipping his wings into the sunset's billows
And burning himself into my hungry eyes.
And I have forgotten all the thoughts I had at your going
And remember the hills under the long, low-hung night,
And God to talk with where the dark waters are flowing
And a small silver cup to drink from at twilight.

GEORGE LANDRY GRAINGER.

Hilltop

Since we now stand atop this hill together,
We can remember ways by which we came;
The traffic-bustling streets through town and village
Where we had need of caution, till, like flame
That leaps above confusion and consumes it,
There leapt a hillpath, slanting towards the sky,
Unlike paved streets—deep-fringed with grass, rough, dusty,
But oh, what freedom as we walked on high!

God grant all friends may seek and find one day,
Beyond flat, crowded streets, an upward way!

Since we now stand atop this hill together,
We may sit down upon a rock and rest,
And watch the sea with dove-winged ships upon it,
Or, turning, face the cedar-bordered west;
Or we may run and gather black-eyed Susans,
You cutting them for me and I for you,
While startled meadow-larks stir tall sweet grasses,
And, overhead, the sky bends near and blue!

God grant all friends, some afternoon, may be
Upon a summer hilltop, near to Thee!

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

Orphan's Song

A plain dress is proper for me, they say,
But I change it as soon as they go away.
Black and white is ugly—but oh,
See my gown of sable and snow!

Folded neatly upon my bed
Is a yellow blanket checkered with red.
It's fun to sleep when the nights are cold
Under covers of crimson and gold.

Whitewashed walls and a dark green shade—
Panels of ivory and jade—
I'll have for a throne the tallest chair
When the moonlight comes to gild my hair.

For isn't my hair as fine as silk?
And aren't my hands as white as milk?
And can't you see when I widen my eyes
The look of a princess in disguise?

MARY H. DWYER.

Pebbles

Your little words
Are hard and cold,
You try to use
Them in a sling.
As David did
To slay the bold
Goliath—but they
Only sting!

MAY BRINKLEY.

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BOOKS

Towards the Open, by Henry Chester Tracy. Introduction by Julian Huxley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

Science the False Messiah, by C. E. Ayres. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.00.

TOWARDS THE OPEN by Henry Chester Tracy registers certain protests and suggests a reform. The protests are good and most men will join in them; they include opposition to our stereotyped age, to standardized values, to progress computed in terms of quantity, to education measured by laboratory equipment, and to persons being listed like bolts in an automobile factory. The biological point of view predominates, and, quite naturally, the mechanical, rubber-stamp, static conception of education, politics and society is irritating to the author who sees life as a process of flesh and blood.

But the reform suggested is pitiful. The sub-title reads: Preface to Scientific Humanism—a curious one indeed for a work which is neither scientific or human. It is not scientific for it glorifies the most useless kind of all knowledge for science, viz., "natural mysticism which is an immediate feeling and not a process of thought," and this in spite of the fact that the book is dedicated "to the intelligence of England and the United States." It is not human for it ignores the deeper cravings of the human heart for the abiding and eternal realities, and leads it no further than "the open" which is a "more natural and freer life in which man's responsibility is measured by his real relation to his social-natural environment."

The work defeats its own purpose, for it asks man to take an irreligious humanity as his religion; it pleads for a mysticism without God and equates feeling good with being good. It forgets that a self-centered humanity would be just as cold as a self-centered human being, and that, in the last analysis, men can never call one another "brother" until they have learned to call God "Father," and they can never call God "Father" unless He has a Son.

Science the False Messiah is the kind of book which the followers of Draper and White believe that a scholastic or a medievalist would write. However, it really is one which neither would be guilty of, even in his wildest moments. In its 293 pages the author fumbles through this idea: Science is nothing more than a combination of guesses and folk-lore and to this extent is like religion which is also folk-lore; but it has been aided and supported by amazing instruments and machines, whose momentum, rather than actual thought, has lifted it to the popularity it now enjoys. Our present generation has fallen down before science and in doing so has chosen a false messiah as its saviour. If ever the time comes when science is separated from machinery and technology, then it will be just what the theories of the elements were in older civilizations—folk-lore.

Tracing the origin of science to folk-lore smacks of the method of those vituperous individuals who, failing sound argument, turn to suggestions about the illegitimacy and "low-down" origin of their opponent. While it is true that thinking men are quite willing to admit that much of modern science is a false messiah and that it has no more right to adapt theology to its new physics, as Professor Whitehead would have us do, than to adapt music to the discovery of insulin, still no one will admit that science is a false messiah for the reasons alleged by the author. There is here not a single line about the methodology of science from the objective point of view, no sound, serious treatment of the value of incomplete induction, not a thought about Boutroux, Mach, Bernard, Duhem or Poincaré who have written so much on the value of science, but pages on pages of "folk-lore" and abuse against those who would dare use science to confirm the doctrines of religion. The following passage is typical:

"The apologists for modern science do not intend that their words shall be taken literally, or even convey any precise meaning, scientific or theological. They are nice old gentlemen who are disturbed by modern unbelief, and they are making the supreme gesture of conformity. They are offering prayer in public. They are saying: 'Look at us. We are eminent scientists; and yet we are superintendents of Sunday schools.' To which the only reply is the vulgar one: 'Think of that and burst out crying.'"

Incidentally, science alone does not come in for abuse. Religion and the industrial system are also included; religion because it is a folk-lore; the industrial system, because its methods leave no room whatever for man and his creative power. No substitute is offered for the destroyed idols, and at the end of the book the reader is left like the dog in the manger who cannot eat the "folk-lore" of science and religion and yet has nothing else to take its place. The book preaches no doctrine, not even a vacuous one. It is just a cry of wrath.

FULTON J. SHEEN.

The Story of Music, by Paul Bekker. New York: The Norton Company. $3.50.

THE time has not yet arrived for the outline of the Stories; but what a queer recital it will be if some Babbitt, learned in the Story books, should decide to publish himself. Mr. Durant's philosopher will not know, among other things, that there was a complete age of scholasticism; he will know Aquinas by name, but not Augustine or Kempis. Mr. Bekker's pupil will not know, among many other things, that there was a distinct and complete era of impressionism; he will know Debussy by name, but not Ravel—nor any other modern not a German.

But he will know (and know thoroughly) much that he ought not to know. This is a characteristic of the Story-book type of education. Any layman in quest of musical culture can very well afford not to know such musicians as Schreker, Pfitzner and many others more or less discussed in this latest of Stories. Of course, Mr. Bekker cannot be taken to task simply for including practically all the German mediocrities of the past few decades; but when this occurs at the expense of excluding Ravel, the greatest living French composer; of considering Debussy in a sentence; of treating Moussorgsky in similar manner, and not even mentioning Scriabin, then one is obliged to use a yardstick of criticism not often called for in reviewing the average book. It is obvious that Mr. Bekker was unqualified for the task of a history of music to be read outside provincial gymnasiums in Germany, where patriotism presumably passes by many irregularities of scholarship.

Inadequate also, to put it charitably, is the author's treatment of late romanticism and modern trends—in fact it is difficult to understand why this work was not called The Story of German Music, for Mr. Bekker dispatches in less than a third of his volume an "approach" to musical history, as well as that history itself from its Asiatic and Grecian beginnings down to the end of the seventeenth century. Then, in his

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haste to salute the dawn of German musical culture at the end of that century, he completely ignores the Tudor composers, who mark the outstanding period in England's musical history, and a peak in that of the world. Thereafter the author sings psalm after psalm to German music, which seems an unfashionable pastime at this late day, since Germany lost her musical hegemony some thirty years ago. Moreover, Mr. Bekker's critical estimates are those of the typical German pedagogue: he knows everything within his ken, but always the symphony has significance afield; sometimes it foreshadows a "new world-brotherhood of love," always it is fraught with "forces" and "values"—dear words among professional music mesmerists. Of Cèsar Franck and Vincent D'Indy, not a word in this Story. Yet Germany's sterility in the present century does not discourage Mr. Bekker from devoting his whole chapter on modern trends to Germany! Even so, where a case could be built up for modern Germany in the music of Schönberg, Webern, Berg, Hindemith, etc., only Schönberg among these is discussed—and with little real comprehension of this great Jew's contribution.

There are bits of provocative intelligence scattered about the work (but all too infrequently) as this quotation, with which the book closes: "The music of the nineteenth century represented the last stage of the harmonic expansion of tone that was instrumentally conceived; the new music will represent the unified intensity of tone that is vocally conceived. Even this, if perfected, will not mean that music has reached its goal. It will indicate not an ascent or a descent, a climax or a decline, but a transformation, the change which itself always gives birth to change. This is the great lesson taught us by the history of art.

"So we look back today to see the world of instrumental harmony vanishing into the past. As it disappears we think not of an antiquated style which we have triumphed over and discarded, but of something beautiful that is no longer ours. In leaving it behind we go in search of a new beauty, for, in the words of Hyperion's Song of Fate:

'It is given us
Nowhere to rest.'"

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

The Harvest of a Quiet Eye, by Odell Shepard. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00.

"THAT night I slept in Tolland," Mr. Shepard records with such finality at the close of a chapter that one does not doubt the slumber was soft and sound. How could it have been otherwise, when a man set out to work across Connecticut, with no other purpose in mind excepting to give the soul as well as the body an outing? Very likely, indeed, the purpose was primarily spiritual; and the book which sets it forth is one of those whimsical modern "introductions to contemplation" so commendably exemplified by Sedgwick's Pro Vita Monastica. We who are so often tired intellectuals —tired especially by things which will not let us think—seek the quiet of the country as hungrily as ever Thoreau did, though with considerably less vehemence. We concede that we can only be amateurish spectators at nature's game, but we thank her more heartily for the entertainment than professionals do. Mr. Shepard's delights are frank and urbane. The Hamlet in him comes out best, of course, in country churchyards; it is a Hamlet troubled much by the thought of death, and given to declare that "he who says that no man can be

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happy unsustained by a faith in personal immortality speaks in ignorance of the human heart." That, for some strange reason, is a point of view that can seem reasonable against a Connecticut background, but would be ineffectual on the road from one French village to another. For there the halos of those who have triumphed unto immortality are everywhere agleam; and their names are like draughts of hope to the traveler.

But I shall say no more against Connecticut or Mr. Shepard's book. The first, it is true, extends somewhat beyond The Harvest of a Quiet Eye. No sample, however, could in this case be utterly different from the whole, so long as one abhorred the Post Road and everything it contaminates. Connecticut is a recluse barricaded against the world by an omnipresent stone. That is why its forests are kindly to thrushes and discourteous to the mechanical prides of man. That is why it keeps everywhere the "grind of gravel under foot, the smell of rick and farmyard." One can live there in a town without paying toll, night and morning, to self-satisfied barbarians. And if we think it does need shrines—little reminders that the roads of life are really endless and not made for loitering only—we can take comfort in the fact that it is worthy of them.

Mr. Shepard really has the "quiet eye" for all of Connecticut glory that is announced by his advertisement. A mellow calm lies upon his book, enveloping his reflections, his sundry little criticisms of a world not at all simple, and his goings from place to place. Best of all, perhaps, is his ability to summon up other writers' happy phrases. A turn in the road constantly reminds him of the pleasure of turning a page. And so, even if his prose is not always in accord with what one terms its "best moments," it has hills enough to preserve its valleys from flatness. Mr. Shepard also includes a generous supply of familiar verse, none of which is out of tune. Sometimes, indeed, it is either commendably cheerful or thrillingly macabre. People who long to know Connecticut will probably like it better than those who do know it. Yet even these might commendably display an affection for it.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Famine in Soviet Russia, 1919-1923: The Operations of the American Relief Administration, by H. H. Fisher. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

THIS is not a book which will interest the crowds. But to the student of economic questions in general, and those of Russia in particular, it will certainly be of use. Its principal merit is to show the part taken by America in the stupendous task of feeding a nation of 180,000,000 people plunged into complete destitution, and fighting a losing fight against famine. This volume is the best tribute that could have been paid to the spirit of generosity which is one of the principal characteristics of our country. Herbert Hoover when he offered his aid, spoke of the project as "bristling with difficulties." How gigantic these difficulties were no one but himself was aware of at the time.

It is these difficulties which the compilers of the present book are now bringing to our knowledge, and their work deserves to be warmly commended. "Hoover," they report, "had a meeting with Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, to whom he declared his opinion that the invasions of Russia were essentially landlord invasions; that the peasants were bound to stand with the Bolsheviks in repelling such attacks, and that all counter-revolutionary forces must ultimately fail, because of the social and political situation in Russia." Events have more than justified Mr. Hoover's appreciation of a state of things which very few, either in Europe or in America, then understood.

The book is illuminating, and so well conceived and clearly written that the reader can without the least effort follow the whole work of the American Relief Administration all over Russia. It acquaints us also with the reasons which have made of famines such regular occurrences in the former realm of the czars. The pages dealing with the Bolshevik government offer curious reading, especially to those familiar with Russian conditions. We doubt, however, whether they will interest those who have not studied them carefully, and hence it is to be regretted that the editors of this volume did not see their way to condense into a shorter space all the information which they present in it.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

The Beadle, by Pauline Smith. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

THIS is a charming story, beautifully told, concerning a tiny Dutch community in the far reaches of the South African veld.

The Englishman, superior colonist to the Dutchman in his ability to develop the country commercially, brought to South Africa the stuffy furnishings and hideous domestic embellishments of the Victorian industrial age, and there, in that tremendous setting, under the southern cross, he has not survived artistically. But the Dutchman, with his physical bulk, his simplicity of life and purpose, his brass-bound chests and burnished copper pots and pans, his Bible and his teams of oxen drawing the white-hooded wagons, was an actor worthy of the scene, and when he was established in the roomy, gabled, houses wide-verandahed that he built, the stage was set and the drama ready to unfold.

Pauline Smith is a chronicler equal to the opportunity. The study of Aalst Vlokman's sufferings at seeing the girl whose true relationship to him he dare not acknowledge pass under the spell of the casual young Englishman, forms a background to the immediate story, which is the story of Andrina. It is Andrina, and not Vlokman, the beadle, who is the central character of the novel, and she moves through the pages, a beautiful and convincing figure. Although the plot pivots on her seduction by the Englishman, Henry Nind, the author contrives to keep the general effect one of spiritual conflict. She writes with a fine, dispassionate understanding; in her non-partisan judgment, in her clear analysis of motive, there is something of Hardy.

Andrina's aunts, the stern Johanna and the gentle, forgiving Tan' Coba, are people the reader can believe in, as also is the old transport driver, Hans Rademeyer, who Andrina thought was like "Christ grown old, grown old." The story moves along unhurried, and in the final scenes in the toll-house in the mountains, where the beadle finds in Andrina and her baby a solution to the problem that has tortured his soul for so many years, it achieves, through the delicate restraint of the author, a true beauty.

A captivating little book, well worth reading, it also presents an authentic picture of Boer life, and the fertile valleys and blue mountains of the smiling land are vividly brought to the mind by Pauline Smith's delightful prose.

HERBERT FORBES DAWSON.

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The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe, with introduction by Andrew Lang.

The Poems and Prophecies of William Blake.

The Poems of Charles Kingsley, with an introduction by Ernest Rhys.

Roderick Random, by Tobias Smollett.

A Sentimental Journey, by Lawrence Sterne. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 80 cents each.

THE new issues of Blake's Poems and Prophecies, Roderick Random by Tobias Smollett, and A Sentimental Journey by Lawrence Sterne, have already their accredited excellence as good texts of their authors, brought within the moderate price that appeals to the average student. The poems of Poe and Charles Kingsley are now included for the first time in Everyman's Library in this handy form.

In the case of Poe, it is strange to find Andrew Lang declaring that the life of this poet is "fortunately a subject that but little concerns readers of his poetry." This may be an English angle on the subject, but in the actual presence of more than a few lives and studies of Poe, and of the interest shown in him throughout France, Germany and South America, it can hardly seem acceptable to American readers. The present edition supplements Poe's poetry with an excellent selection from his critical essays.

The poems of Charles Kingsley, according to his daughter, Lucas Malet, were the most individual of all his writings. He was a child of the Tennysonian era and his work bears its marks for better or for worse. It is interesting to find him protesting strongly against the use of the label "Muscular Christian" as applied to himself. "He answered this by saying, 'I know of no Christianity save one, which is the likeness of Christ and the same for all men' "—a very beautiful sentiment, at the least.

THOMAS WALSH.

Mosquitoes, by William Faulkner. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

IT IS very difficult to draw any conclusion about this novel because of the exceeding dulness of the characters themselves. Mr. Faulkner has drawn a group of people who are all so inherently stupid that it is difficult to become interested in their absurd antics and conversation. Also it is surprisingly hard to comprehend how an author can write so lucidly at times and so obscurely at others. There are passages in this book that are absolutely unintelligible. The omission of capitals and punctuation only accentuates their chaos. Again, most of the conversation seems more like that of the battlefields of Soldiers' Pay, Mr. Faulkner's first novel, than the talk of persons traveling for pleasure on a yacht. To say that the "dinner conversation" is unappetizing is to put it very mildly.

Mr. Faulkner possesses a fine sense of the ironic and shows up the characters for their true worth, which is zero. His picture of Mrs. Maurier, the rich social climber, and her sufferings over the petty things of life is masterly. But even then one becomes wearied of the character. The only interesting possibility in the book is Patricia Robyn, the bored, excitement-seeking flapper, but she is the least convincing one of the group.

It seems a pity that an artist of Mr. Faulkner's calibre and talents should waste them on such vapid material. Let us hope that his next novel presents a more interesting group.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Art Epochs and Their Leaders, by Oscar Hagen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

THERE are helpful and illuminating biographical facts in Professor Oscar Hagen's Art Epochs, as well as a certain subjective treatment which will help lovers of art to decide more securely the sometimes difficult question as to whether a work of art is actually good or great. The book is a result of several years of collegiate lecturing on art, from which has developed the author's contention, that the principle of selection lies in seeing "the ultimate goal in the task of comprehending the given matter from the standpoint of organic development, and of illuminating with maximal intensity only such forces and factors as might appear essential to the understanding of the development."

The Son of Man and Other Poems and Essays, by John Bernard Kelly. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

A GRACIOUS little book filled with pious enthusiasms and a spiritual uplift that is young and pure is Father J. B. Kelly's The Son of Man. Made up of poetry and prose, it represents an active career in benevolence and displays with a charming naïveté a poet whom the years can not age and whose impulse is always fresh. The contents of this little volume range from The Sanctity of Joyce Kilmer, a touching picture of devotion for a very rare idol, to Golf as a Profession, a light essay in the spirit of Charles Lamb. Sanctity and Soldiering sums up the horizons of this young poet, whose personal charm suffuses his entire book.

His Mother, the Life History of Mary the Mother of Christ, by Alice W. Darton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

MRS. DARTON presents us with a book on the Mother of God which brings with it the note of novelty and attractiveness. The author very carefully follows the Gospel allusions, which she elaborates with a generous reading of the supplementary history of the events and conditions of Mary's time and place. This treatment of the Blessed Mother results in a truly scriptural figure, without the legendary or mythical elements which, in too many cases, perhaps, offer such temptations to the poet and fantasist.

CONTRIBUTORS

F. E. FLANNERY, formerly of Fordham University, is now connected with the School of Journalism of Columbia University.

REV. HENRY J. HECK is associated with the Pontifical College Josephinum at Columbus, Ohio.

G. K. GRIFFITH is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

ROBERT N. ROSE is instructor in English and dramatics at Loyola School, New York.

THEODORE MAYNARD is the English poet and critic, author of Drums of Defeat and The Book of Modern Catholic Verse.

GEORGE LANDRY GRAINGER is the editor of the Fordham Monthly, New York.

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY is a general contributor of poetry to the American periodicals.

MARY H. DWYER is a poet and school-teacher of Waterbury, Connecticut.

MAY BRINKLY is associate editor of Will O' the Wisp, and president of the Suffolk Poetry Society.

REV. FULTON J. SHEEN is the only American fellow of the University of Louvain. He is the author of a treatise on God and Intelligence.

WALTER V. ANDERSON, formerly secretary of the International Composers' Guild, is a New York critic of music.

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL of Russia is the author of several books of reminiscences and a volume, They Knew the Washingtons.

HERBERT FORBES DAWSON, formerly of South Africa, is a general contributor to American periodicals.

ROBERT INNES CENTER is a writer of reviews for current magazines.

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